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Poetry.

PAPA, WHAT IS A NEWSPAPER?

Organ that gentlemen play, my boy,
To answer the taste of the day, my boy,
Whatever it may be,
They fill the key
And pipe in full concert away, my boy.
News from all countries and climes, my boy,
Advertisements, essays and rhymes, my boy,
Mixed up with all sorts
Of flying reports,
And published at regular times, my boy.
Articles able and wise, my boy,
At least in the editor's eye, my boy,
And logic so grand
That few understand
To what in the world it applies, my boy.
Statistics, reflections, reviews, my boy,
Little scraps to instruct and amuse, my boy,
And lengthy debates
Upon matters of state,
For wise-headed folks to peruse, my boy.
The funds as they were and are, my boy,
The quibbles and quips of the day, my boy,
And every week
A clever critique,
On some rising theatrical star, my boy.
The age of Jupiter's moons, my boy,
The stealing of somebody's spouse, my boy,
The state of the crops,
The style of the fops,
And the wit of the public buffoons, my boy.
Lists of all physical life, my boy,
Banished by somebody's spite, my boy,
And you ask with surprise
Why any one dies,
Or what's the disorder that kills, my boy.
Who has got married, to whom, my boy,
Who were cut off in their bloom, my boy,
Who has had his head
On this sorrow-stained earth,
And who totters fast to the tomb, my boy.
The price of cattle and grain, my boy,
Directions to dig and drain, my boy,
But 'twould take me too long
To tell you in song
A quarter of what they contain, my boy.

DIBBLE.

Safely!
She is lying,
With her lips apart;
Safely!
She is dying
Of a broken heart!
Whisper!
She is going
To her final rest.
Whisper!
Life is growing
Dim within her breast.

Geatly!
She is sleeping--
She has breathed her last.
Geatly!
While you're weeping,
She to heaven has passed.

The Home Circle.

Catching a Husband.

There are various modes of performing this feat, but one of the most ingenious we have ever heard of, is related in the following anecdote:

A gentleman of the bar in a neighboring county, in easy circumstances and pretty good practice, had rendered himself somewhat remarkable by his attempts in the way of matrimonial speculation. A maiden rather advanced in years, residing some miles distant in the neighborhood, hearing of this lawyer's speculating propensities, that his character was unexceptionable, and his attention to life tolerably good, resolved to make him her husband. She hit upon the following expedient: She pretended suddenly to be taken very ill, and sent for the man of the law to prepare her will. He attended for that purpose. By her will, she devised £10,000 in bank stock to be divided among her three cousins, some thousands in bonds and notes to a niece, and a vast land estate to a favorite nephew. The will being finished, she gave her lawyer a very liberal fee, and enjoined secrecy upon him for some pretended purpose, thus precluding him from an inquiry into her real circumstances. Need I mention the result?

It was a part of the stipulation entered into by all the parties, in the presence of the Court, that for the year to come, as since the marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Dean should have no intercourse with each other, except in presence of friends.--N. Y. Post.

THE LAW OF THE FINGER-RING.

If a gentleman wants a wife, he wears a ring on the first finger of the left hand; if he is engaged, he wears it on the second finger; if married, on the third; and on the fourth if he never intends to get married. When a lady is not engaged, she wears a ring (if at all) on her first finger; if engaged, on the second; if married, on the third; and on the fourth if she intends to be a maid. When a gentleman presents a fan, a flower, or a trinket to a lady with the left hand, on his part, is an overture of regard; should she receive it with the left hand, it is considered as an acceptance of his esteem; but if with the right hand, it is a refusal of the offer. Thus by a few simple tokens explained by rule, the passion of love is expressed.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN DEAN.--We understand that Mr. John Dean, who recently married Miss Boker, daughter of John G. Boker, of this city, has been dispatched to a country school, with a view to complete his education. His accomplished wife meantime remaining with her father's family, whither she returns to-day.

It was a part of the stipulation entered into by all the parties, in the presence of the Court, that for the year to come, as since the marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Dean should have no intercourse with each other, except in presence of friends.--N. Y. Post.

PANTRY KEMBLE AGAINST THE STAGE.--The Rev. Henry Bellows, of the Church of All Souls in New York city, having accepted an invitation to speak at the approaching Dramatic Fund Dinner, in defense of the stage, we understand that he has written him a letter protesting against such a course, and pronouncing the moral influence of the stage evil, and only evil. Mrs. Kemble speaks *hand expertly*, but what a declaration from a family who owe so much to the histrionic profession.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Miscellaneous Enigmas.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 1, 14, 16, 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, is a river in South America.
My 2, 3, 10, 12, 13, 15, 17, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, is a town in New York.
My 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, is a town in Louisiana.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, is a sea in Palestine.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, is a boy's nickname.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, is a boy's name.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, is a boy's name.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, is a boy's name.

Anna's Hints.

No name is so common as Anna.
But if you do them rightly, trace,
And put each letter in its place,
You'll find a name that's quite as good,
To know what word these letters spell,
Read your Bible, and that will tell,
And when you've searched the Scriptures round,
It'll answer can there be found.

Answer to Charles in last week's News--Highland County.
Answer to Artistic Problem in map is--one cow cost \$60, the other \$100.

A Beautiful Story.

THE SECOND WIFE.

CHAPTER I.

Much of the evening was spent in re-arranging the rooms, in order to give them a more cheerful appearance. I took down the portrait of Mrs. Fleming from its garret corner, and hung it over the mantel in the parlor. I re-framed the beautiful landscape, and it adorned a little room opening from the back parlor, which had been used as a spare bed-room, but which I converted into a miniature library. I went with the children into the fields to hunt for May flowers, with which to fill the vases and make the room bright and fragrant.

May took her first music lesson, and was already promising to sing "Let us love one another," on Christmas day, at which time her father would be home. Ellen had so far descended from her cold heights of reserve as to ask me to teach her crayon drawing, and I was astonished at the artistic talent she already exhibited.

One morning, when I had been about a fortnight with them, Jane came to the breakfast table with her travelling dress on. We were all surprised. I most of all, for I had hoped the happiness of the children would win her kindness also. But I was mistaken. "Where are you going, aunt?" asked May, her blue eyes expanding with utter astonishment. Miss Jane deigned no answer, but ate her breakfast in unbroken silence, then turning to me announced her decision.

"Mrs. Fleming, you cannot expect me to stay here content, when I see you daily undoing, with all your might, what I have been laboring so hard to accomplish. These girls are growing up under my care, discreet, sober and reasonable. I shut out the vanities and follies of the world from their knowledge. I reared them up in prudence and sobriety. But Arthur Fleming must bring a strange wife, who, in two short weeks, could by her wily softness of manner win their foolish young hearts away from their tried friend, and fill their heads with vanity. I will not stay where I and my teachings are objects of contempt. I leave you to your painting and playing, your singing and bouquet making. I am not penniless, as you suppose. I have still a home to go to, now that I am driven thenceless from this one."

My eyes filled with tears at these scornful words. The children looked wondering at me and at her.

"Don't go, aunt! Mother doesn't want you to," whispered May, the sweet little peace-maker.

"I don't know who drives you from here," said Ellen, sarcastically.

"Jane, I wish you to stay here," I said. "It is right that I, Captain Fleming's wife, should be a mother to his children, and take their care and education into my own hands. I mean to make them happy in their home, in their studies, and to fit them for good and useful lives. You can help me in this work, and I will be your friend. Will you stay, Jane?"

"No, Mrs. Fleming, I will not stay where I am a mere cypher. But, children, I do not desert you. If you are ever fatherless, or in trouble, I will come to you, and you shall have your home with me again."

The stage-coach, which Jane had secretly ordered to call for her, now rattled up to the door, and she took her seat in it. She gave a nod of freezing dignity to me, a farewell of compassionate affection to the children, and then the coach drove away.

Six months passed rapidly, and how pleasantly, a vivid recollection of them testifies. As the village schools taught but little, and I was fully competent to instruct the children myself, I spent three hours a day in study with them. Two afternoons in the week I devoted to May's music and Ellen's drawing; on the other afternoons they were free to practice at home, or to visit their village friends, and receive visits in return. Our evenings were spent in reading, and in the three months of that summer they gained more intelligence than in years before. Their interest in knowledge was aroused and whatever they read made a subject of free and cheerful conversation, thus fixing important facts in their memories and training their minds to habits of active thought.

Ellen adorned the walls of our sitting room and little library with several very fine crayon pictures, and May added to our evening reading the charm of her sweet singing.

At Christmas time we expected Captain Fleming. With what a glad pride I looked upon my happy group, and thought of the gratitude he would feel when he saw their improvement and witnessed their affection for myself. I looked forward with a beating heart to the meeting.

It was a fortnight before Christmas, and we were already deeply engaged in preparation for the merry season. Green boughs, with which to decorate the rooms, were being made into festoons and garlands, and in a corner, the Christmas tree was waiting its hour of triumph! Ellen was hurrying to finish a picture of Santa Claus to hang over the Christmas tree; and May was practicing incessantly. "Let us love one another," at the piano-forte; while little Harry entered with even greater zeal, if possible, into the preparations for the festivities.

It was afternoon, and Ellen and I had been discussing the propriety of inviting some friends to enjoy our Christmas

THE SECOND WIFE.

CHAPTER II.

As she warmed her feet at the grate, she looked around her with a singular expression of pity mixed with triumph.

"I have kept my promise, children," she said. "I told you if anything happened I would come to you."

I started from my seat, and a shudder of terrible forebodings passed through me, as I remembered the promise to which she referred.

"Jane! Jane! Fleming, what do you mean?" I cried.

She wiped the corners of her eyes with her handkerchief. She then said: "I am as I thought. You see that I, living as I do, upon the seashore, get news some days in advance of you. I said to myself, when I heard it, that it would be printed in your weekly paper, and you would not get it until to-morrow. So I thought I had better step into the stage and ride down to prepare your minds. Poor children! poor children!"

"What is it?" said Ellen, grasping her aunt's wrist with a kind of nervous fierceness.

This suspense was growing intolerable. Jane fixed her eyes steadily on Ellen's countenance, and answered, slowly: "Last week, in the great storm, the May Fleming was wrecked!"

A low cry escaped May's lips. "Jane!" I gasped, "my husband--where is he?" She looked at me composedly.

"The May Fleming was wrecked and sunk. Save the mate and one sailor, who floated two days on a broken raft, every soul was lost!"

I could utter neither cry nor moan. I looked into the faces of my children, who gathered about me, inquiring about their father in pitiful cries. Ellen only, after a brief time, seemed to comprehend my bewildering anguish. She put her young, strong arms around me, and led me unresisting to my chamber; there, watched by her alone, I lay silent and motionless.

But my brain was busy. "Is it to this, an untimely death," I thought, "that all I love are fated to come! My heart was wrapt in my beautiful Henry, and he laid down to die in the glory of his youth. My love rose out of his grave and gathered itself strong as life, about my husband; and now, in so short a while, he is gone also. Was it for this that I gave my mind, my heart, my soul to his children, only that they should look up to me with their pitiful cries and cry, 'we are orphaned!' Where was he when we, his wife and his children, were making Christmas garlands? We were singing and weaving the holly and cedar by the warm firelight, while he, poor struggling, now fainting and sinking, was smothered in the horrible waves!"

Such thoughts as these filled my brain with ceaseless horror, and all day I lay as one benumbed. But suddenly, as I grew dark, and Ellen brought a light into my chamber, I was struck with her settled expression of woe. I had forgotten that I was not the only sufferer. That thought gave me strength. I rose, took her by the hand, and went down to the other children. I gathered them about me, and we all wept together. Then, and not till then, did I feel that I could speak to them of comfort.

The next morning our paper came, and its long account of the wreck confirmed the sad tidings. Days passed slowly, tearfully. I was beginning to realize that we, of late such a joyful group, were now "the widow and the fatherless."

It was evening, and we all sat in the little library. The door of the parlor behind us was ajar, but there was no light in there; only one light burned on the piano-forte, which had been moved into the little room.

Harry lay in my arms asleep, his soft curls falling over his forehead, and half-veiling his fresh fair face. Ellen and May, one on each side of me, sat at work on mourning dresses; Jane, too, in the corner, was sewing black Thibet. How different our labor from that with which we had expected to usher in the Christmas Eve.

By-and-by Ellen looked up with an anxious expression.

"Mother, are we poor?" she said. "I was glad that I could save your eternal salvation. I really believe hardly any one would try it; but let any man proclaim that there were a hundred dollars up there for you, and I will be bound there would be such a getting up stairs as you never did see."

THE SECOND WIFE.

CHAPTER III.

"Jane dropped her needle and thread. 'I thought it was understood that the children should go home with me,' she said. 'Perhaps you think I am poor and helpless; but you are mistaken. On the contrary, I am probably better able than you to take care of the children.'"

This announcement startled me; but there was no need. May threw her arms around my neck, and whispered, "I will not leave you, mother;" while Ellen, her fine eyes glowing with excitement, answered quietly and firmly: "Our mother has the best claim to us, Aunt Jane, and until she sends us, we will never leave her. We have never been so happy as in this past half-year. We love her better than all our other friends, and now that our father is gone, we will not leave her alone."

My heart filled with gratitude that I could not utter. I could only give my noble Ellen a look of thankful tears, and say--

"I will be as faithful to you as you have been to me, Ellen."

"Hush!" said May, starting from her seat. "What was that sound?" She went to the window and looked out. "It was only the wind," she added, and sat down by me again.

Jane shot indignant glances at the children.

"I little thought when I came here to work and wear myself for you, that you would so soon desert me for a stranger."

"Aunt Jane," said Ellen quickly, "remember it is our mother to whom we owe so much."

Miss Fleming was evidently annoyed, but was silent.

"I do hear a footstep," said May, and again she peeped from the window. But all was dark and silent.

My heart ached with weary dissension, and I made a last attempt at peace.

"Sister Jane--you shake your head, but you were my sister and must, therefore, be mine--for his sake I forgive you for the many attempts you have made to turn my children's hearts against me; but forever after this, let there be silence on this theme. I am no stranger in this house, but hold a mother's place in the children my beloved husband left in my care. For them henceforth, and for them only, I shall live and labor. I have then far tried to do them good, and they themselves bear witness to my success. Trust them to me, and let there be no more harshness between us--for his sake."

Jane Fleming burst into tears. She wept a few moments, and her heart was softened.

"Agnes, forgive me!" she said, to my astonishment and joy. "You think me heartless, but indeed I am not; though I have been harsh. It was my love for my brother and his children that made me wickedly jealous of you. But I am now a mourner with you, and them. For his sake forgive me."

There was a moment of silent, pleasant surprise, and then I clasped her hand warmly and called her "sister." Ellen gravely stooped down and kissed her, and little May rejoiced, sprang to the piano-forte, and sang with her whole heart, "Let us love one another."

As she ceased and turned her smiling face towards us, there was a sound behind her, and she turned to see what it was. She found a footstep open, and she had one risk more, she dead!

"My wife, my children, my blessed Agnes!" said Captain Fleming, his voice hoarse with emotion, and before we could utter a word of welcome or surprise, we were all clasped in his strong arms. The rapture of that hour who could seek to portray!

"Forgive me, Agnes, for playing the listener," he said. "It was not premeditated, but as I came in, I heard your voice, and could not but pause a moment before surprising you. How can I ever thank you, how repay you for all your love to my children and to me!"

These words and many more fell from his lips, as he clasped me again with warm affection. I was repaid for all my labors--all my sorrow.

Then followed questions, explanations, words of joy and welcome. His good ship, indeed, had been lost in the fearful storm, but the account had been exaggerated in the excitement of the news. Many were lost, but not all. There were other homes of mourning made glad that night as well as mine.

And what a merry, joyful Christmas we had! The merry Christmas tree sparkled under many tapers, loaded not only with the gifts of the children to each other, but with more costly presents to me and to them from their delighted father! How proudly did Ellen lead her father to the pictures her industry had wrought, and say in answer to his surprise, "Mother taught me!"

How sweetly did little May sing her favorite songs, and, throwing her arms about her smiling father's neck, say, "Mother taught me."

Very sacred, and full of peculiar trials, is the position of a second wife, where the children of the buried mother claim her care and love; but if, with a true heart and zeal, she enter into the work before her, rich is her reward, and its pleasures endure forever.

"Fellow-citizens," said an American preacher, "if you were told that by going to the top of those stairs yonder, (pointing to a rickety pair at the end of the church,) you might secure your eternal salvation, I really believe hardly any one would try it; but let any man proclaim that there were a hundred dollars up there for you, and I will be bound there would be such a getting up stairs as you never did see."

Wit and Humor.

The Way to Collect a Bill.

Old Squire Tobin was a slow walker, but slower pay. Blessed with abundant means, he was of considerable consideration, but he had contracted a habit of holding on to his money until forced by extra importunity to fork over.

"There goes the old Squire," said Brown, the merchant. "I've had a bill of five dollars and fifty cents against him for eighteen months, and if I have asked him for it once, I have done so twenty times; but he has either not got it with him, or he will call to-morrow, or, if not in, at my impudence in dunning him at unreasonable times."

Now there was one Joe Harkins, a waggish sort of a fellow, who heard the complaint of merchant Brown, and resolved upon some fun.

"Come now, Brown," said Joe, "what will you bet I can't get the money from the old Squire before he gets home?"

"A new hat," said Brown.

"Enough said!" said Joe.

While Brown was hunting the bill, Joe disguised himself in a striped blanket and slouched hat. Thus equipped, with the bill in his hand, he took after the Squire.

"Hello! is your name Squire Tobin?" "Yes," answered the Squire, with a snarl; "what is that to you, sir?"

"I have a little bill, sir--collecting for merchant Brown, sir."

"Merchant Brown can go to thunder, sir," said the Squire. "I've no money for him; you must call again."

Joe bowed politely, slipped down the alley just in time to head the old Squire at the next corner.

"Oh, sir," said Joe, stopping suddenly, "is your name Tobin?"

"Tobin, sir, is my name."

"Here is a little bill, sir, from merchant Brown."

"Zounds! sir," replied the Squire. "Didn't I meet you just around the corner?"

"Meet me!" replied Joe; "guess it was B---, another of Brown's collectors."

"Then I suppose merchant Brown has two red-striped collectors dogging my steps; I won't pay it, sir, to-day--be gone!" The old Squire, as he said this, brought down his stick hard upon the pavement, and toddled on.

Joe, nothing daunted, took advantage of another alley, and by a rapid movement, in a few minutes placed himself once more in front of the Squire. The old man's bile was making him mutter and growl, as he walked along, now and then giving point to his anger, by very emphatic knocks of his cane upon the sidewalk. When within about twenty feet of each other, the old Squire espied his striped friar, and raised his cane, exclaiming: "You infernal, insolent puppy! what do you mean?"

Joe, affecting great astonishment, checked up within a safe distance, and replied: "Mean, sir? You surprise me, sir; I don't know you, sir!"

"Ain't you merchant Brown's collector, that dunned me five minutes ago?" "Me, sir?" replied Joe. "I am one of merchant Brown's collectors, to be sure; but I don't know you, sir."

"My name is Tobin, sir," rejoined the irritated Squire, "and you look like the fellow who stopped me twice before."

"Impossible, sir," replied Joe. "It must have been some other of merchant Brown's collectors. You see, sir, there are forty of us, all wrapped in red-striped blankets--and, by the by, Mr. Tobin, I think I have a small bill against you."

"For a red-striped collector, and each one after me!" ejaculated the Squire. "Darn me, I won't pay a penny to this; they will all overtake me before I reach home." Saying which, he pulled out his wallet and quietly settled merchant Brown's bill of \$5.50.

Joe thanked the Squire, and moved off; but as the Squire had another square to travel before reaching home, Joe could not resist the inclination to head him just once more. He accordingly made another circuit, and came in collision with the angry old man, ere he was noticed.

"Zounds! zounds! stranger!" vociferated the Squire. "What--?" Here he caught sight of the red-striped blanket, as Joe, disengaging himself from the old man, took to his heels. Squire Tobin's cudgel was fiercely hurled after Joe, accompanied with a hearty curse upon merchant Brown and his forty collectors in red-striped blankets.

It is unnecessary to say that Joe Harkins was seen next day, topped off with a bran splinter new hat.

Wit and Humor.

Butt and Kicker Both.

At Zanesville, at the "Eagle," a goat was kept about the stables. One day the host and "usual crowd" in the bar-room were startled by the oster rushing in, almost breathless, and exclaiming, at the top of his voice, "Meester Borter! Meester Borter! Billy he leaves or I leaves. I go up in de stable, and dere vas Billy, say, Bill go down he say, bah-bah-wah and shutt gets up on his hind feet. I say again, Billy, you go fowal and strikes at him mit to hitchfork, when atiknum shup pitch into me and butt me down stairs mong de mule jacks, who all kick me hard dan de goat. So, Meester Borter, Billy he leaves or I leaves!"

Leigh Hunt was asked by a lady, at dessert, if he would venture on an orange. "Madam, I should be very happy to do so, but I am afraid I should tumble off."

"Do you like novels?" asked Miss Fitzgerald of her country lover. "I can't say," he replied, "I never eat any; but I tell you I'm some on 'possums."

The woman who made a pound of butter from the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness, has since washed the clothes of a year and hung 'em up to dry on a bee-line.

"What's the matter with John Stone's eyes?" "Why he has injured his eyes by looking through a thick-bottomed tumbler."

A funny story is told of a man who stole a five-dollar bill out in Indiana. His counsel tried to prove that the note was not worth five dollars, it being at a discount, in order to lessen the crime. The prosecutor said he knew the prisoner was the meanest man in the State, but he did not think he was so ill-fred mean as not to be willing to steal Indiana money at par.

Miscellaneous.

Death of Andersen the Traveller.

The Faderlandet of Stockholm, of March 24, says: "We have just received the news of the death of the celebrated Swedish traveller, Mr. Andersen. He some time ago set out on his third journey to the interior of Africa to make zoological researches, and after having explored the banks of the Tigris and of Lake Ngami, he undertook, in company with an Englishman, Mr. Green, an excursion in an easterly direction, and succeeded in reaching a country into which no other European ever penetrated. There he met a young elephant, and went in pursuit of it; just as he was on the point of overtaking it, a very large elephant joined it; two natives fired on the latter and wounded it, on which the animal attacked Mr. Andersen and killed him by trampling him under foot. Mr. Andersen was buried on the spot on which he was killed. His numerous and valuable collections, have been deposited at the consulate of Sweden and Norway, at the Cape of Good Hope."

Mr. Andersen was the author of the captivating book of travel, which was introduced with such flattering comments by Col. Fremont, in a letter to the publisher in this city a few months since.--N. Y. Post.

The New York Post says that Mr. Boker--whose daughter lately married his coachman--has determined, on account of his recent domestic troubles, to go back again to Europe. Mr. B.'s country seat of eighty acres on the Hudson, near Tarrytown, is offered for sale. The place formerly belonged to Com. Perry. The price asked is \$40,000.

RAIN.--The drops of rain vary in their size, perhaps from one-twenty-fifth to one-fourth of an inch in diameter. In parting from the clouds, they precipitate their descent till the increasing resistance opposed by the air becomes equal to their weight, when they continue to fall with a uniform velocity. This velocity is, therefore, in a certain ratio to the diameter of the drops; hence thunder and other showers, in which the drops are large, pour down faster than a drizzling rain. A drop of the twenty-fifth part of an inch, in falling through the air, would, when it had arrived at its uniform velocity, only acquire a celerity of eleven feet and a half per second; whilst one of one-fourth of an inch would acquire a velocity of thirty-five feet and a half.

It is stated by the St. Louis Democrat that the Rev. John Covert of Ohio, has fixed upon Cananville, in Clinton county, Iowa, for establishing an institution of learning. The citizens subscribe \$20,000, and he is to expend \$30,000 in building, grounds, &c.

HEAVY DAMAGES.--The legal representatives of Uriah Paull, late of Alabama, but who was killed in 1855 by a collision on the Southwestern Road, in that State, have obtained a verdict against the Railroad Company for \$20,000 damages.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said an audience, "these articles are no sham--they are genuine tapestry carpets, made by Mr. Tapestry himself."

While we view our own faults with the naked eye, we see the faults of others as if through a powerful microscope lens.